

## REAL NEWS OF WAR TOLD BY SOLDIERS

Letters From British Trench  
Dwellers Graphically Portray  
Individual Experiences.

ONE WRITER COMMENTS  
ON THE ABSOLUTE CHAOS

Disabled Officer Has Chair on Firing  
Line—Effect of Shrapnel.  
Heroic Deeds.

BY L. H. MOORE.

Special Correspondence of The Star.  
LONDON, January 21.—Soldiers' letters are still being received in great numbers and I am told by men from the front that the news of the fighting circulates now along the line of battle very quickly and that they often know much more of the situation than we do at home.

A Rhyl soldier sends home a powerful appeal to the gentlemen now abroad in England. He says: "War is a state of absolute chaos. The sight of the thousands of refugees we have seen. The troops helped them as much as possible, but nothing could alleviate their sufferings. Woe betide Kaiser Bill when the day of reckoning arrives. He must be a maniac, and no fate seems to be too hard for him. I would that some English people could witness the devastation war leaves in its wake. At any rate, the recruiting is involved with war, and England must realize that it is men we want and not money."

The German army is a wonderful machine and has still a lot of fight left in it. I think that our little army, apart from class distinction, is better than they are. They are easily lacking in numbers, and numbers must in time tell. The German will be beaten, but the sooner she is crushed the better for us all. I do hope the old country's manhood will respond eagerly to the call. I also pray that in future a soldier will be treated by civilians as a "man," apart from class distinction. Believe me, at the present moment thousands of "rough diamonds" are fighting in water-filled trenches and compelling the admiration of the world by their wonderful skill, courage and ability."

Disabled Officer Uses Chair.  
Private Samuel Butterworth, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, who has returned wounded, tells of a remarkable instance of bravery and contempt for danger.

"While we were advancing to drive the Germans out of some trenches they had taken," he said, "Major Powell (who has sprained his ankle) carried a chair with him, using it occasionally to sit upon. We advanced in short rushes, and every time we had advanced, and got under cover, Major Powell would put down his chair and sit upon it to rest his foot. All the time shells and bullets were flying around, but Major Powell took his chair to within 200 yards of the enemy's trenches, conducting the operations all the way until he got hit. I am glad to say he was not very seriously hurt."

"On another occasion, before we would make a charge we had to wait for our artillery to cease firing. Then firing bayonets we charged amid a shower of shrapnel and bullets. It was a terrific scene, but in half an hour we

had the German position, and about 1,500 Germans surrendered; about 100 were killed or wounded. The Germans were taken completely by surprise and shouted for mercy. Gen. Bullfin, who was in command, said it was one of the finest pieces of work done by our division."

Thought His Time Had Come.

Private James Bowyer of the 5th Scottish Rifles, in a letter dated Monday last, from the front to his father, writes: "I am pleased to be able to tell you that I am still well and happy, though for a minute or two the other night I thought my time had come. I was in the trenches, and during the night we were attacked by two German planes. Early in the evening we stood at our posts for some time, but as there was a sudden blaze of fire in front, I immediately jumped out and seized my rifle, and started firing in the direction of the flashes."

"Soon the firing was general along the line to right and left, and the shells were whistling overhead and bursting just behind our trenches. They say the attack lasted about an hour and a half, but to my mind it seemed about twenty minutes. Our officers were simply splendid. They walked up and down the line encouraging the men, as cool as if they were on parade. I would follow them anywhere after that. I must say our boys were very cool, too. There wasn't one of them fussed."

Queen Mary's Timely Gift.

In a letter to his mother, Private Bowyer writes: "Since I wrote last we have again been in the trenches. You will be pleased to know that I am well off for underclothing now, as we have had a complete new outfit issued to us. This was Queen Mary's gift. We also had a clean rigout given to us after we had had a bath. That bath, I think, was about the best experience I have had since I have been out here. We were all marched down to a big building, where there was a number of big tubs, each big enough for ten men to get in at once, and the water came up to our chests. While we were in our uniforms were taken away and ironed. You have no idea of how comfortable we felt afterward."

"At one hospital a Cameron, wounded in the cheek, was brought in. He had a very long beard, and the R. A. M. C. men were C. M. C. to shave it off when he stopped them with the remark: 'Ye maunna dae that, for I have a bet with my officer as to who grows the longest beard in a fortnight!'"

The soldier who tells the story writes: "We were relieved, and went down to the front for a short rest. As soon as we got within a mile of the town the people came out to meet us, and they rushed at us like beings possessed. Women and girls hugged us till we were nearly strangled, and the old men cheered with their hoarse voices. It took us over an hour to cover that last mile, and the colonel was mighty angry. I can tell you. We were all very tired when it was through, and when we got to our billets we agreed that we would rather meet the Germans ten times over than these friends of ours who were so eager to thank us for what we had done."

"One day in the trenches the talk turned on medals. The chap who started it was worried about how many medals we would get and where we would wear them. It's no use counting your medals before they are earned," said Tommy Griffin, and just way of emphasizing his remark a German shell came along, and the first

man to be killed was the chap who started the discussion.

Tribute to British Soldiers.

"There was a German prisoner I knew who was always loud in his praises of our men, and one day I asked him why. He told me that in his first fight at Mons he was laid out by a shell. A British soldier, who had lost his regiment, passed by. The German begged him for something to eat, because he had had nothing to eat over a day. The British 'Tommy' brought from his 'sack' all that he had left and gave it to him. A few minutes later a German patrol came up and asked their wounded comrade if he had seen a British soldier pass that way. He said he had, but told them that he had gone in a direction opposite to that he had really taken. He felt that he owed them to the Britisher who had befriended him."

"There was one of the last recruits of the Connaught Rangers who came home with a natural dislike of shell fire in a way that won the praise of his mates. Every day he used to go out and stand under fire while he counted a hundred. At the end of eight days he had got rid of all nervousness and was ready for anything."

Courage of Germans.

Private Biggar of Ardrossan, a reservist in the 2d Battalion, Royal Scots Fusiliers, who is at present home wounded from the front, relates an incident illustrative of the courage of the German soldiers. His regiment was entrenched at a little village near Tynes and was within 1,000 yards of the Germans. The enemy's guns had great difficulty in finding the range, and in order to help them a German infantryman climbed on to the chimney of a house and signalled to the artillery. When the British soldiers noticed what he was doing they immediately opened fire on him, and although they got on the house accurate shooting was difficult in the fading light and at the long range. The German soldier, however, did not mind the rain of bullets on the building the German stuck to his post until the light faded, and then he slipped down the side of the house and disappeared. Private Biggar says it was the most daring thing he saw done at the front.

FISH WHARF PLANS READY.

Hoped That Construction Will Be Followed by Erection of Houses.

Plans and specifications for the new, modern wharves which are this year to be constructed at the fish and oyster market, have been completed and sent to prospective bidders for the work. February 5 the bids will be opened and it is hoped within a few weeks after that date work on the new piers will be in progress.

In order not to interfere with the oyster business or the spring fisheries the building of the wharves will be so arranged as to have one of the three piers at the municipal wharf always ready for use.

Now that the building of new wharves is under way the lessees of the town-bledown fishhouses at the municipal fish market have strong hopes that the erection of new buildings will be in order and that they will be given decent places in which to do business. The present buildings are insanitary and it is only by hard work that the fish dealers are able to keep them clean. Were they owned by private interests, instead of by the District, they long ago would have been condemned and ordered torn down, it is declared.

Comfort of a Creaking Door.

He ran headlong into a stone fence. There he stood and listened. The first he had long before died out. At first he could hear nothing but the drip of the rain and an occasional whine of the wind. Then he began to hear an odd sound. Creak-creak-creak—it came at regular intervals. Finally he

puzzled out the meaning. An old door was swinging on a rusty hinge.

"My word," said he, "I was glad to hear that. I thought maybe I could get some cover from the rain falling on the tiled roof."

So he began a hunt for that creaking door, stepping cautiously, one foot at a time, through the darkness. The last I can remember is the rain falling on the tiled roof."

So the four of them slept there, warm and cosy in the hut, until morning. Wilson recalls that he woke up twice. Why he doesn't know. Perhaps there was a noise in the night. He only stretched himself in deeper comfort on the soft hay and slept on.

"Another man I was in the morning," said he in the hospital at Calais. "Aren't it wonderful what a little rest will do for you?"

Some time in the forenoon he was awakened by the thumping of military transports. British motorcars were streaming past his shelter. So he hobbled out to rejoin his command, and got that wound in front of Arras which now holds him in the convalescent ward. From that time he never left him that he owed some little gratitude to his hosts of the night. Wilson doesn't think that way. He isn't emotional. War has blunted whatever finer feelings he may once have had. But he paid them his small tribute. It was covered with the overcoat."

said he, "especially the lad that 'eld the door for me. Then I hitched the door fast with the chain on the outside, so it wouldn't creak again. They'd be all right in there."

SIX NEW BEACON LIGHTS.

Steamer Maple Is Placing Them in Chesapeake Tributaries.

Six new beacon lights recently authorized by the lighthouse authorities are to be erected at points on tributaries of Chesapeake bay. With the beacons aboard, the lighthouse service steamer Maple has left Baltimore to establish the new lights.

The beacons, which are of the acetylene burning type, are to be located on Battle creek shoals, Patuxent river; James point, Dividing creek; Hook Neck shoals, Pungoteague river; Guilford flats, Pocomoke river; Manokin and St. Pile, Manokin river. These guides to navigation will be in operation within the next week.

Extensive repairs to the lighthouse steamer Ivy have been completed at a Baltimore shipyard, and laden with supplies for the Portsmouth, Va., depot, and towing lightship No. 52 to Norfolk, where she is to be repaired, the Ivy has left Baltimore for Norfolk.

With supplies for the lightships on the Virginia and Maryland coasts north of Cape Charles and an anchor and chain to replace those lost by lightship No. 91 on Winter Quarter shoal, the lighthouse service steamer Orchid has sailed from Norfolk.

F. C. Hillweg of Minneapolis, Minn., was elected president of the National Association of Convention Bureau Secretaries at its first annual convention at St. Louis, Louisiana, Ky., was selected as the next meeting place.

Prof. Le Breton to Lecture.

M. Andre Le Breton, official lecturer of the Alliance Francaise, is to speak before the Washington members of that organization at the Cosmos Club Thursday next at 4:30 o'clock. His subject is to be "Mœurs et Physionomie de la vieille France." M. Le Breton is professor of French literature at the University of Bordeaux and has won three prizes from the "Académie Française." This is his first trip in America.

Resting an Underwood Typewriter

a sound investment, certain to increase your income. The Machine You Will Eventually Buy. 1200 F street N.W.

## CORPORAL SLEEPS IN HUT WITH DEAD

British Soldier Finds Three  
Bodies When He Takes  
Refuge From Storm.

TELLS STORY OF CHARGE  
OF BAVARIAN TROOPS

No Chance for Resistance and Eng-  
lish Ran Helter-Skelter,  
He Says.

(Copyright, 1915, by Herbert Corey.)

LONDON, January 8.—"And there was the four of us, all snug and cozy-like in the 'hut,' said Corporal Frank Wilson, with the rain hammering on the tiles. 'My aunt! How I did sleep!'"

He doesn't remember just where it was. The day before—or two days before—they had sighted Rouen. He is sure of that. But his company had been thumping along over the broken roads for days, without rest and without time for sleep. Each day they marched as far as the strongest could. The weaker fell out by the way, and rejoined them when they could.

"So I don't know the name of the blessed place," said he. "Names don't make no difference to you when you're on the hoof. Those towns all look alike, anyway."

That day it had been raining—a slow, persistent, soaking drizzle. Now and then it broke into a shower. A wind blew the water in the men's eyes. Now and then it promised a gale. They had dragged themselves into the little village and had been billeted in cottages. Few of them had managed to hold on to their blankets. They were almost dying with cold.

"Me, I didn't had my boots off for a fortnight," said Wilson. "Struth!" The Germans came upon them at night. The first the English knew was when they heard the bull-like, charging roar of the Bavarians as they rushed through the village streets. There was no chance for resistance.

The English piled out of doors and windows and ran. They didn't even know in what direction they were running, except that behind them the German rifles were cracking. Wilson was separated from his companions. "I fell in a ditch and lost my rifle," said he. "Then I picked myself up and ran through the dark until I blooming well bust. Then I walked. I 'urt all over. My bones ached, I was that tired."

Comfort of a Creaking Door.

He ran headlong into a stone fence. There he stood and listened. The first he had long before died out. At first he could hear nothing but the drip of the rain and an occasional whine of the wind. Then he began to hear an odd sound. Creak-creak-creak—it came at regular intervals. Finally he

puzzled out the meaning. An old door was swinging on a rusty hinge.

"My word," said he, "I was glad to hear that. I thought maybe I could get some cover from the rain falling on the tiled roof."

So he began a hunt for that creaking door, stepping cautiously, one foot at a time, through the darkness. The last I can remember is the rain falling on the tiled roof."

So the four of them slept there, warm and cosy in the hut, until morning. Wilson recalls that he woke up twice. Why he doesn't know. Perhaps there was a noise in the night. He only stretched himself in deeper comfort on the soft hay and slept on.

"Another man I was in the morning," said he in the hospital at Calais. "Aren't it wonderful what a little rest will do for you?"

Some time in the forenoon he was awakened by the thumping of military transports. British motorcars were streaming past his shelter. So he hobbled out to rejoin his command, and got that wound in front of Arras which now holds him in the convalescent ward. From that time he never left him that he owed some little gratitude to his hosts of the night. Wilson doesn't think that way. He isn't emotional. War has blunted whatever finer feelings he may once have had. But he paid them his small tribute. It was covered with the overcoat."

said he, "especially the lad that 'eld the door for me. Then I hitched the door fast with the chain on the outside, so it wouldn't creak again. They'd be all right in there."

SIX NEW BEACON LIGHTS.

Steamer Maple Is Placing Them in Chesapeake Tributaries.

Six new beacon lights recently authorized by the lighthouse authorities are to be erected at points on tributaries of Chesapeake bay. With the beacons aboard, the lighthouse service steamer Maple has left Baltimore to establish the new lights.

The beacons, which are of the acetylene burning type, are to be located on Battle creek shoals, Patuxent river; James point, Dividing creek; Hook Neck shoals, Pungoteague river; Guilford flats, Pocomoke river; Manokin and St. Pile, Manokin river. These guides to navigation will be in operation within the next week.

Extensive repairs to the lighthouse steamer Ivy have been completed at a Baltimore shipyard, and laden with supplies for the Portsmouth, Va., depot, and towing lightship No. 52 to Norfolk, where she is to be repaired, the Ivy has left Baltimore for Norfolk.

With supplies for the lightships on the Virginia and Maryland coasts north of Cape Charles and an anchor and chain to replace those lost by lightship No. 91 on Winter Quarter shoal, the lighthouse service steamer Orchid has sailed from Norfolk.

F. C. Hillweg of Minneapolis, Minn., was elected president of the National Association of Convention Bureau Secretaries at its first annual convention at St. Louis, Louisiana, Ky., was selected as the next meeting place.

Prof. Le Breton to Lecture.

M. Andre Le Breton, official lecturer of the Alliance Francaise, is to speak before the Washington members of that organization at the Cosmos Club Thursday next at 4:30 o'clock. His subject is to be "Mœurs et Physionomie de la vieille France." M. Le Breton is professor of French literature at the University of Bordeaux and has won three prizes from the "Académie Française." This is his first trip in America.

Resting an Underwood Typewriter

a sound investment, certain to increase your income. The Machine You Will Eventually Buy. 1200 F street N.W.

THE LOUVRE  
1115-1117 F STREET  
Women's and Misses'  
Outer garments & Millinery

## The Season's Suit Clearance

Every suit in stock has been put in one of these four groups. All are this season's models and are wonderful bargains.

\$10 for Suits Worth Up to \$50

\$15 \$20 \$25

For Suits Worth up to \$65.

Clearance of Dresses

\$10 \$15

Values Up to \$50.00.

Clearance of Coats

\$7.50

Worth Up to \$25.00.

Blouses and Waists

Chiffon, lace, crepe de chine, silk and satin; long and short sleeves; high and low neck. Black, white and all colors; all sizes to 44 bust; not in every style.

None C. O. D. None on approval. None exchanged. Formerly \$3.50, \$5.00, \$5.75 and \$7.50.

\$1.10

Millinery Clearance Sale

Black and Colored Silk Velvet, hand-blocked shapes. Were \$6.50 and \$7.50.

Choice, 50c

Trimmed Hats Were \$5 to \$1.00

\$8.50. Now \$2.50

Trimmed Hats Were \$10 to \$12.50. Now \$5.00

Handsomely Trimmed Dress Hats, were \$20. Now \$5.00

Millinery Trimmings, Flowers, Feathers, Ornaments. Choice 10c

"Where Your Dollars Count Most"  
**BEHREID'S**  
720-722-724-726 7th Street  
A Stupendous Friday & Saturday Sale of Coats  
**85 "Fox Trot" Zibeline Coats**  
Bona Fide \$12.50 Value  
We have only 85 of these Handsome Black and Blue Wool Zibeline Coats to sell at this unheard of price, and they will not last the day out. GET IN EARLY. The biggest cloak value you've ever seen awaits your inspection. Nobly made, with belts and pleated flared skirts; some have fur cloth collars.

\$12.50 Coat Suits \$4.98

22 Nobby Short and Three-quarter-length Jacket Suits, of all-wool plush; splendidly silk lined and perfect fitting; stylishly made, with full-length imported Arabian Lamb Coat, lined throughout and large silk top fastened.

12 1/2c & 10c Yd. Wide Percale 67c 68c

Full 36-inch Splendid Quality Percale, in handsome striped, figured, dotted and checked patterns; colors absolutely fast and in every wanted shade. Excellent for ladies' and children's dresses, boys' blouses, etc.

\$2 Habutai Silk Blouses 94c

Without doubt the best value you've ever bought. An unusually large size. Pure Silk. Hemstitched. Round collar, long sleeves, back buttoned. Also a 12 over 12. Brodered Front and Back. Blue and Pink. Silk. Waists, military collar, long sleeves, turn-back cuffs. All sizes.

50c Embroidered Flannellette Skirts & Gowns, 35c

Superior Quality, Pretty Embroidered, Scallop-ed Silk Edge Flannellette Skirts, in solid pink, blue, gray and white; also Full Cut Flannellette Gowns, in pink or blue stripes, plain white with collars or round necks and yokes of contrasting colors or embroidered.

\$3.98 Girls' Winter Coats, \$1.69

Heavy-weight Winter Coats of zibeline and boucle cloth, for girls 8 to 14 years. Made with pleated silk belts. Bigger sizes have astrakhan cuffs and collars, and some have belted backs. Tomorrow only.

89c Child's Dresses . . . 55c

The very prettiest of this season's styles in true Wash Dresses, consisting of Fine French Percales, Galateas and Linenes, in plain colors, stripes and dainty figured effects; sizes from 6 to 14 years. Exceptionally splendid value.

\$25 and \$30 Fur Collar Plush and Arabian Lamb Coats \$8.98

Finest Silk Plush Coats, in nobby short models. Satin lined throughout and finished with black fur collars, also full-length imported Arabian Lamb Coat, lined throughout and large silk top fastened.

7c Twilled Crash Toweling 33c 34c

5,000 yards of Heavy-weight Close-woven Absorbent Quality Toweling. Crash; full width and absolutely free from slsing; neat fast-color red-colored borders; fresh from piece.

\$1.00 R & G Corset, 66c

Choice of all new shapes R & G Corsets—a brand that all women know has never before been sold for so low a price; high or low bust, long or medium lengths and four supporters; 18 to 30 sizes.

19c & 25c Embroidery 93c

A day long to be remembered in this wonderful value. Widths ranging from 18 to 27 inches wide; made of the sheerest quality Swiss, beautifully designed and deeply embroidered. Best come early, as the lot is limited.

50c Embroidered Flannellette Skirts & Gowns, 35c

Superior Quality, Pretty Embroidered, Scallop-ed Silk Edge Flannellette Skirts, in solid pink, blue, gray and white; also Full Cut Flannellette Gowns, in pink or blue stripes, plain white with collars or round necks and yokes of contrasting colors or embroidered.

89c Child's Dresses . . . 55c

The very prettiest of this season's styles in true Wash Dresses, consisting of Fine French Percales, Galateas and Linenes, in plain colors, stripes and dainty figured effects; sizes from 6 to 14 years. Exceptionally splendid value.

on which he had died and took the covering overcoat and stretched himself luxuriously.

"I 'urt I was that tired," said Wilson. "For a little time I couldn't sleep. My bones ached so. My eyes they burned like two coals. The last I can remember is the rain falling on the tiled roof."

So the four of them slept there, warm and cosy in the hut, until morning. Wilson recalls that he woke up twice. Why he doesn't know. Perhaps there was a noise in the night. He only stretched himself in deeper comfort on the soft hay and slept on.

"Another man I was in the morning," said he in the hospital at Calais. "Aren't it wonderful what a little rest will do for you?"

Some time in the forenoon he was awakened by the thumping of military transports. British motorcars were streaming past his shelter. So he hobbled out to rejoin his command, and got that wound in front of Arras which now holds him in the convalescent ward. From that time he never left him that he owed some little gratitude to his hosts of the night. Wilson doesn't think that way. He isn't emotional. War has blunted whatever finer feelings he may once have had. But he paid them his small tribute. It was covered with the overcoat."

said he, "especially the lad that 'eld the door for me. Then I hitched the door fast with the chain on the outside, so it wouldn't creak again. They'd be all right in there."

SIX NEW BEACON LIGHTS.

Steamer Maple Is Placing Them in Chesapeake Tributaries.

Six new beacon lights recently authorized by the lighthouse authorities are to be erected at points on tributaries of Chesapeake bay. With the beacons aboard, the lighthouse service steamer Maple has left Baltimore to establish the new lights.

The beacons, which are of the acetylene burning type, are to be located on Battle creek shoals, Patuxent river; James point, Dividing creek; Hook Neck shoals, Pungoteague river; Guilford flats, Pocomoke river; Manokin and St. Pile, Manokin river. These guides to navigation will be in operation within the next week.

Extensive repairs to the lighthouse steamer Ivy have been completed at a Baltimore shipyard, and laden with supplies for the Portsmouth, Va., depot, and towing lightship No. 52 to Norfolk, where she is to be repaired, the Ivy has left Baltimore for Norfolk.

With supplies for the lightships on the Virginia and Maryland coasts north of Cape Charles and an anchor and chain to replace those lost by lightship No. 91 on Winter Quarter shoal, the lighthouse service steamer Orchid has sailed from Norfolk.

F. C. Hillweg of Minneapolis, Minn., was elected president of the National Association of Convention Bureau Secretaries at its first annual convention at St. Louis, Louisiana, Ky., was selected as the next meeting place.

Prof. Le Breton to Lecture.

M. Andre Le Breton, official lecturer of the Alliance Francaise, is to speak before the Washington members of that organization at the Cosmos Club Thursday next at 4:30 o'clock. His subject is to be "Mœurs et Physionomie de la vieille France." M. Le Breton is professor of French literature at the University of Bordeaux and has won three prizes from the "Académie Française." This is his first trip in America.

Resting an Underwood Typewriter

a sound investment, certain to increase your income. The Machine You Will Eventually Buy. 1200 F street N.W.

Prof. Le Breton to Lecture.

M. Andre Le Breton, official lecturer of the Alliance Francaise, is to speak before the Washington members of that organization at the Cosmos Club Thursday next at 4:30 o'clock. His subject is to be "Mœurs et Physionomie de la vieille France." M. Le Breton is professor of French literature at the University of Bordeaux and has won three prizes from the "Académie Française." This is his first trip in America.

So the four of them slept there, warm and cosy in the hut, until morning. Wilson recalls that he woke up twice. Why he doesn't know. Perhaps there was a noise in the night. He only stretched himself in deeper comfort on the soft hay and slept on.

"Another man I was in the morning," said he in the hospital at Calais. "Aren't it wonderful what a little rest will do for you?"

Some time in the forenoon he was awakened by the thumping of military transports. British motorcars were streaming past his shelter. So he hobbled out to rejoin his command, and got that wound in front of Arras which now holds him in the convalescent ward. From that time he never left him that he owed some little gratitude to his hosts of the night. Wilson doesn't think that way. He isn't emotional. War has blunted whatever finer feelings he may once have had. But he paid them his small tribute. It was covered with the overcoat."

said he, "especially the lad that 'eld the door for me. Then I hitched the door fast with the chain on the outside, so it wouldn't creak again. They'd be all right in there."